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SHAKESPEARE
JULIUS CAESAR



EDITED BY
S. THURBER



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The Academy Series of English Classics



SHAKESPEARE, William
" " "

JULIUS CÆSAR

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SAMUEL THURBER



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P R E F A C E.

THIS edition of Julius Cæsar offers itself simply as a beginner's book in Shakespeare. The young student of literature reads not merely for the pleasure of the hour, but also, and mainly, for the purpose of forming habits of self-reliance, of acquiring skill in an art, of enlarging his acquaintance with books, of coming into deeper relation with human life. It is chiefly important for the beginner that he should learn to solve his own difficulties.

The mature reader, to whom the difficulties appear trivial, is often too ready to hand over the solution of them at the instant of their appearance ; and if the object of the recitation is simply to move as rapidly as possible through the play, or to let the class listen to voluble exposition by the teacher, then such a method is fitting. But this procedure deprives the learner of his opportunity to learn. The process through which the ripe scholar has passed to attain his ripeness is the type of the course which the beginner must follow to achieve the object of his study.

To what sort of activity shall the task of getting his Shakespeare lesson introduce the young pupil ? If he has a body of notes that make everything plain, he will have merely to con first the text and then the notes,

making some effort of memory to keep himself primed for recitation tests. This process does him almost no good at all. As new plays are taken in hand, he still continues to con notes if he can get at them, and is helpless if he cannot. This helplessness, however, is better than a crammed memory, because it leaves the learner free to undertake a reasonable course of work, unhindered by the conceit that he knows already all there is to be known.

Into this reasonable course of work I have tried to initiate the pupil by giving him in the form of notes little tasks of search, comparison, and inference. Wherever obscurity of word or phrase could be cleared up by reference to other passages in the plays, I have referred to those passages. Pupils should look up these references, report their observations, and infer from comparison the meaning that was not clear in the single instance.

The difficulties of Shakespeare's diction are to be conquered only by persistent struggle with each difficulty as it arises. A conquest thus made, by exercise of the judgment rather than of the memory, is a conquest made for good. The resolute student soon finds his task growing easy. If a crucial trouble presents itself, he knows how to go to work, and will soon ascertain, by profitable ranging in the fields of commentary, how the point in question has been dealt with by generations of scholars.

I have made references to the plays at large, and occasionally to other books that are sure to be in every secondary school library. No one ought to attempt scholarly study of one play without having all the plays at hand. Single-volume Shakespeares, like the *Globe*

edition, are exceedingly cheap, and the class-room should be liberally furnished with them.

On questions concerned with the interpretation of the poet's thought and the proper understanding of his dramatic intention, I have given hints and suggestions, with occasional queries that may lead to discussion, rather than disquisitions of my own. Elaborate essays on literary topics are wholly out of place in a book for young people.

Shakespeare's dependence for his facts on his historical sources being especially clear and interesting in the Roman plays, and peculiarly so in the *Julius Cæsar*, I have given frequent quotations from North's translation of Amyot's Plutarch. The young reader will perhaps from these citations get some idea of the difference there is between excellent drama and excellent narrative. To observe the poet's transmutation of story into play is to take a lesson in literature of the utmost value.

In studying *Julius Cæsar*, the class should have access to Plutarch's lives of Brutus, Cæsar, and Antony. The modern translations will serve to give the historical facts, but it was Sir Thomas North's that Shakespeare used, and North's very language so often appears in the play that it is far more instructive to read the very words that the poet read himself. The lives from which he drew the main events of his Roman plots are easily accessible in Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, and in Skeat's *Shakespeare's Plutarch*.

Other books desirable in the study of Shakespeare generally are: Bartlett's Concordance to Shakespeare,—a book of untold value to the Shakespeare student;

Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon; Furness's Variorum Shakespeare,— nine plays now edited, Cæsar not among them; Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar; Dowden's Shakespere, in the series of Literature Primers.

The competent teacher of Shakespeare will have read all the plays, some of them many times, and much other Elizabethan literature. Nothing that can be put in a book, nothing that can be conveyed in a lecture, can compensate for the maturity of knowledge that each reader gains for himself from long familiarity with his author.

S. THURBER.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR,	triumvirs	friends to Brutus and Cassius.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,		
MARCUS ANTONIUS,	after the death of	
M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS,	Julius Cæsar.	
CICERO,		
PUBLIUS,	{ senators.	
POPILIUS LENA,		
MARCUS BRUTUS,		
CASSIUS,		
CASCA,		
TREBONIUS,	{ conspirators	
LIGARIUS,	against	
DECIUS BRUTUS,	Julius Cæsar.	
METELLUS CIMBER,		
CINNA,		
FLAVIUS AND MARULLUS, tribunes.		
ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of Rhetoric.		
A Soothsayer.		
CINNA, a Poet. Another Poet.		
	LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, YOUNG CATO, VOLUMNIUS, VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS, PINDARUS, servant to Cassius. CALPURNIA, wife to Cæsar. PORTIA, wife to Brutus.	
	Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.	
	SCENE: Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi.	

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

Enter FLavius, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home: Is this a holiday? what! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk Upon a laboring day without the sign Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou? 5

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on? You, sir, what trade are you?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou ? answer me directly.

Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave ? thou naughty knave, what trade ?

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me : yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that ? mend me, thou saucy fellow !

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

20

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl : I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes ; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings he home ?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels ? 35
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores ?
And do you now put on your best attire ?
And do you now cull out a holiday ?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone !
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners.*

See, whether their basest metal be not moved ;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;
This way will I : disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so ?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter ; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I 'll about,

And drive away the vulgar from the streets :
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men 75
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A public place.*

Flourish. Enter CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho ! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cœs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,

When he doth run his course. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar, my lord?

5

Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says "do this," it is performed. 10

Cæs. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out. [Flourish.]

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me? 15

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry “Cæsar!” Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that ?

Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Cæs. Set him before me ; let me see his face. 20

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng ; look upon Cæsar.

Cæs. What say'st thou to me now ? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer ; let us leave him : pass.

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

Cas. Will you go see the order of the course ? 25

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome : I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires ; 30
I 'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you. 35

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived : if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself, 40
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors ;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved —
Among which number, Cassius, be you one —
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men. 45

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion ;
 By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations. 50
 Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,
 But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'T is just :
 And it is very much lamented, Brutus, 55
 That you have no such mirrors as will turn
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
 That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
 Where many of the best respect in Rome,
 Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus 60
 And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
 Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
 That you would have me seek into myself
 For that which is not in me ? 65

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear :
 And since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself which you yet know not of. 70
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :
 Were I a common laugher, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protester ; if you know
 That I do fawn on men and hug them hard, 75
 And after scandal them ; or if you know
 That I profess myself in banqueting
 To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

Bru. What means this shouting ? I do fear, the people
Choose Cæsar for their king:

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ? 80

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?

What is it that you would impart to me ?

If it be ought toward the general good, 85
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently :
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus, 90
As well as I do know your outward favor.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be 95

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :

For once, upon a raw and gusty day, 100
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, " Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ? " Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow ; so indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy ;

But ere we could arrive the point proposed,	110
Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"	
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,	
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder	
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber	
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man	115
Is now become a god, and Cassius is	
A wretched creature and must bend his body,	
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.	
He had a fever when he was in Spain,	
And when the fit was on him, I did mark	120
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:	
His coward lips did from their color fly,	
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world	
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:	
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans	125
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,	
Alas, it cried, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"	
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me	
A man of such a feeble temper should	
So get the start of the majestic world	130
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.	
<i>Bru.</i> Another general shout!	
I do believe that these applauses are	
For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.	
<i>Cas.</i> Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world	135
Like a Colossus, and we petty men	
Walk under his huge legs and peep about	
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.	
Men at some time are masters of their fates:	
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,	140
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.	

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that “Cæsar” ?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ; 145
Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with ’em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed ! 150
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man ?
When could they say till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man ? 155
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 160
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;
What you would work me to, I have some aim :
How I have thought of this and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter ; for this present, 165
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider ; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 170
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this :
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome

Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

175

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve ;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

180

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. I will do so. But, look you, Cassius,
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train :
Calpurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

185

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius !

190

Ant. Cæsar ?

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights :
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

195

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar ; he 's not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter ! But I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid

200

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men ; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music ;

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort 205
 As if he mocked himself and scorned his spirit
 That could be moved to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease
 Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
 And therefore are they very dangerous. 210
 I rather tell thee what is to be feared
 Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
 Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all, his Train but Casca.*

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak ; would you speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanced to-day, That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ? 218

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him : and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice : what was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was 't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other ; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted. 230

Cas. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of

it : it was mere foolery ; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ; — yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets ; — and, as I told you, he put it by once : but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again ; then he put it by again : but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time ; he put it the third time by : and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted and clapped their chopt hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar ; for he swounded and fell down at it : and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

249

Cas. But, soft, I pray you : what, did Cæsar swound ?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is very like : he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not ; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

255

Casca. I know not what you mean by that ; but, I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

260

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself ?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell

among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. 273

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect? 278

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. 285

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating. 290

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both.

[*Exit.*]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now in execution

295

Of any bold or noble enterprise,

However he puts on this tardy form.

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite. 300

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so: till then, think of the world. 305

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced ? 310
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion 315
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. 319
[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The same. A street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA,
with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home ?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds 5

Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave — you know him well by sight —
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
 Like twenty torches joined, and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
 Besides — I ha' not since put up my sword —
 Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
 Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
 Without annoying me: and there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw
 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. 25
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit
 Even at noon-day upon the market place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When those prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 "These are their reasons; they are natural;" 30
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time :
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

Casca. He doth ; for he did bid Antonius
 Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night, then, Casca : this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero. 40

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who 's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this !

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so ?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walked about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone ;
And when the cross blue lightning seemed to open 50
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it. [heavens ?

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods by tokens send 55
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder, 70
To see the strange impatience of the heavens :
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate, 65
Why all these things change from their ordinance

Their natures and preformed faculties,
 To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
 That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear and warning
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night,
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol ;
 A man no mightier than thyself or me
 In personal action, yet prodigious grown
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean ; is it not, Cassius ?

Cas. Let it be who it is : for Romans now
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors ;
 But, woe the while ! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are governed with our mothers' spirits ;
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
 Mean to establish Cæsar as a king ;
 And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
 In every place save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then ;
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat :
 No stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit ;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,

70

75

80

85

90

95

That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure.

[*Thunder still.*

Casca.

So can I:

100

So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then ?

Poor man ! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep : 105
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.

Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws : what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate 110
So vile a thing as Cæsar ! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me ? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman ; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent. 115

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand :
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made. 120
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence ;
And I do know, by this they stay for me 125
In Pompey's porch : for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets ;
And the complexion of the element

In favor's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

130

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Cas. 'T is Cinna; I do know him by his gait;
He is a friend. Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

135

Cin. I am glad on 't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stayed for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party —

140

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue; all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

145

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

150

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [Exit
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

155

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts:
And that which would appear offence in us

His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

160

Cas. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Rome. Brutus' orchard.**Enter BRUTUS.*

Bru. What, Lucius, ho !
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say !
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when ? awake, I say ! what, Lucius ! 5

*Enter LUCIUS.**Luc.* Called you, my lord ?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius :
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.[*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death : and for my part, 10
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned :
How that might change his nature, there 's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ? — that ; — 15
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power : and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections swayed 20

More than his reason. But 't is a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face ;
 But when he once attains the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back, 25
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend : so Cæsar may ;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no color for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented, 30
 Would run to these and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
 Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir. 35
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper thus sealed up, and I am sure
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again ; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
 Give so much light that I may read by them. 45

[*Opens the letter and reads.*

“ Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake, and see thyself.
 Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress !
 Brutus, thou sleep'st : awake ! ”

Such instigations have been often dropped
 Where I have took them up. 50
 “ Shall Rome, etc.” Thus must I piece it out :
 Shall Rome stand under one man’s awe ? What, Rome ?
 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
 “ Speak, strike, redress ! ” Am I entreated 55
 To speak and strike ? O Rome, I make thee promise ;
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus !

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

Bru. ’Tis good. Go to the gate ; somebody knocks. 60

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
 I have not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
 And the first motion, all the interim is
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream : 65
 The genius and the mortal instruments
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
 The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, ’t is your brother Cassius at the door, 70
 Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone ?

Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.

Bru. Do you know them ?

Luc. No, sir ; their hats are plucked about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [Exit Lucius.
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free ? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, conspiracy ;
Hide it in smiles and affability :
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention. 85

*Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,
METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest :
Good morrow, Brutus ; do we trouble you ?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you ?

Cas. Yes, every man of them : and no man here 90
But honors you ; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too. 95

Cas. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this, Metellus
Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ?

100

[*Brutus and Cassius whisper.*

Dec. Here lies the east : doth not the day break here ?

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon gray lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises,
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire ; and the high east

110

Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath : if not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —

115

If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

120

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prick us to redress ? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,

125

And will not palter ? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautious,
Old feeble carriions and such suffering souls

130

That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt ; but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think that or our cause or our performance
 Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath passed from him.

135

Cas. But what of Cicero ? shall we sound him ?
 I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
 It shall be said, his judgment ruled our hands ;
 Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
 But all be buried in his gravity.

145

Bru. O, name him not : let us not break with him,
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urged : I think it is not meet, 155
 Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
 Should outlive Cæsar : we shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far
 As to annoy us all : which to prevent,
 Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

160

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
 To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
 Like wrath in death and envy afterwards ;
 For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar ; 165
 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood :
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
 And not dismember Cæsar ! But, alas, 170
 Cæsar must bleed for it ! And, gentle friends,
 Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
 Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds :
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do, 175
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary and not envious :
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be called purgers, not murderer. 180
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him ;
 For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar —

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him : 185
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
 Is to himself, take thought and die for Cæsar :
 And that were much he should ; for he is given
 To sports, to wildness and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him ; let him not die ; 190
 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [Clock strikes.]

Bru. Peace ! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'T is time to part.

Cus. But it is doubtful yet,
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no ;
For he is superstitious grown of late, 195
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies :
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers, 200
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that ; if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, 205
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers ;
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work ;
For I can give his humor the true bent, 210
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour : is that the uttermost ?

Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard, 215
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey :
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him :
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him. [Brutus.

Cas. The morning comes upon 's : we 'll leave you,
And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
 Let not our looks put on our purposes, 225
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untired spirits and formal constancy :
 And so good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy ! Lucius ! Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
 Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber : 230
 Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
 Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? wherefore rise you now ?
 It is not for your health thus to commit 235
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently, Brutus,
 Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walked about,
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across ; 240
 And when I asked you what the matter was,
 You stared upon me with ungentle looks ;
 I urged you further ; then you scratched your head,
 And too impatiently stamped with your foot ;
 Yet I insisted, yet you answered not, 245
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did,
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seemed too much enkindled, and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humor, 250
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.

It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
 And could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevailed on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

255

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
 He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

260

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
 Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the wild contagion of the night
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
 Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you: for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

265

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

270

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself

275

280

But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure ? If it be no more, 285
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart. 290

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
 I grant I am a woman ; but withal
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife :
 I grant I am a woman ; but withal
 A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter. 295
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so fathered and so husbanded ?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em :
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
 Here in the thigh : can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets ?

Bru. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife ! [*Knocking within.*
 Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in awhile ;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake 305
 The secrets of my heart :
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows : [knocks ?
 Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] Lucius, who 's that

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of. 311
 Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius ! how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief ! Would you were not sick ! 315

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320
I here discard my sickness ! Soul of Rome !
Brave son, derived from honorable loins !
Thou, like an exorcist, has conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible ; 325
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do ?

Bru. A piece of work that would make sick men whole.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick ?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going 330
To whom it must be done.

Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what : but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

Bru. Follow me, then. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. *Cæsar's House.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-
night :

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
“Help, ho ! they murder Cæsar !” Who's within ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord ?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice, 5
And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.]

Enter CALPURNIA.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar ? think you to walk forth ?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : the things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back ; when they shall see 11
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within, 15
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their dead ;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use, 25
And I do fear them.

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods ?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth ; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ; 30
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths ;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,

It seems to me most strange that men should fear ; 35
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
 Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
 They could not find a heart within the beast. 40

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
 No, Cæsar shall not : danger knows full well
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he : 45
 We are two lions littered in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible :
 And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
 Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
 Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear 50
 That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
 We 'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;
 And he shall say you are not well to-day :
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well, 55
 And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS.

Here 's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! good Morrow, worthy Cæsar :
 I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time, 60
 To bear my greeting to the senators

And tell them that I will not come to-day :
 Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser :
 I will not come to-day : tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie ? 65
 Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
 To be afeared to tell graybeards the truth ?
 Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
 Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so. 70

Cæs. The cause is in my will : I will not come ;
 That is enough to satisfy the senate.
 But for your private satisfaction,
 Because I love you, I will let you know :
 Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home : 75
 She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
 Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it :
 And these does she apply for warnings, and portents, 80
 And evils imminent ; and on her knee
 Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
 It was a vision fair and fortunate :
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, 85
 In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
 Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
 Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
 For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
 This by Calpurnia's dream is signified. 90

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say :

And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.

If you shall send them word you will not come, 95
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
“Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar’s wife shall meet with better dreams.”

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper, 100
“Lo, Cæsar is afraid!”
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA,
TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirred so early too? 110
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne’er so much your enemy
As that sameague which hath made you lean.
What is ‘t o’clock?

Bru. Cæsar, ‘t is stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy. 115

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o’ nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within :
 I am to blame to be thus waited for.
 Now, Cinna : now, Metellus : what, Trebonius ! 120
 I have an hour's talk in store for you ;
 Remember that you call on me to-day :
 Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will : [Aside] and so near will I be,
 That your best friends shall wish I had been further. 125

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with
 me ;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

Bru. [Aside] That every like is not the same,
 O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. “Cæsar, beware of Brutus ; take heed of Cas-
 sius ; come not near Casca ; have an eye to Cinna ; trust
 not Trebonius ; mark well Metellus Cimber : Decius
 Brutus loves thee not : thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius.
 There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent
 against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about
 you : security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods
 defend thee ! Thy lover ARTEMIDORUS.”

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
 And as a suitor will I give him this. 10

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live ;
 If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [Exit.]

SCENE IV. *Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house ;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone :
Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there. 5
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue !
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel !
Art thou here yet ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ? 10
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else ?
And so return to you, and nothing else ?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth : and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him. 15
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well ;
I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow : 20
Which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady : if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards
him ? 30

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :
The throng that follow Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death : 35
I 'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.]

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise ! 40
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. 45

Exeunt severally.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.*

A crowd of people; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. [To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

5

Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to Cæsar.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena? 15

Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.

Cas. Casca,

Be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known,20
 Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
 For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:
 Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;
 For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time ; for, look you, *Bru-*
 tus,25
 He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him go,
 And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addressed : press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.30
Cæs. Are we all ready ? What is now amiss

That Cæsar and his senate must redress ?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
 Cæsar,
 Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
 An humble heart : —

[*Kneeling.*

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.35
 These couchings and these lowly courtesies
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
 And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
 Into the law of children. Be not fond,
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood40
 That will be thawed from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,
 Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished :
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,45
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banished brother? 50

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus !

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon : 55
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you ;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me ;
But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine ;
But there 's but one in all doth hold his place :
So in the world ; 't is furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaken of motion : and that I am he, 70
Let me a little show it, even in this ;
That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ? 75

Casca. Speak, hands, for me !

[*Casca first, then the other conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*

Cæs. Et tu, Brute ! Then fall, Cæsar ! [Dies.]

Cin. Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead !

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out 80
“Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement !”

Bru. People and senators, be not affrighted ;
Fly not ; stand still : ambition’s debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too. 85

Bru. Where’s Publius ?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar’s
Should chance —

Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer ; 90
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so : and let no man abide this deed, 95
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony ?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed :
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures :
That we shall die, we know ; 't is but the time 100
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
 So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
 His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
 And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
 Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
 Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
 And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
 Let 's all cry "Peace, freedom and liberty!"

Cas. Stoop then, and wash. How many ages hence
 Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
 In states unborn and accents yet unknown !

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport, 115
 That now on Pompey's basis lies along
 No worthier than the dust !

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
 So often shall the knot of us be called
 The men that gave their country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away : 120
 Brutus shall lead ; and we will grace his heels
 With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft ! who comes here ? A friend of Antony's.

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;
 Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ; 125
 And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say :
 Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest ;
 Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal and loving :
 Say I love Brutus, and I honor him ;
 Say I feared Cæsar, honored him and loved him. 130
 If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
 May safely come to him, and be resolved

How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
 Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
 So well as Brutus living ; but will follow
 The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
 Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
 With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

135

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman ;
 I never thought him worse.

140

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
 He shall be satisfied, and, by my honor,
 Depart untouched.

Serv. I 'll fetch him presently. [Exit.

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind
 That fears him much ; and my misgiving still
 Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

145

Bru. But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY.

Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar ! dost thou lie so low ?
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
 Shrunk to this little measure ? Fare thee well.

150

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank :
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
 Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.

155

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die :

160

No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not ; they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome —
As fire drives out fire, so pity pity —
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony :
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand :
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ; now yours, Metellus ;
Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius. 190
Gentlemen all,— alas, what shall I say ?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,

That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true :

195

If then thy spirit look upon us now,

Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,

To see thy Antony making his peace,

Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,

Most noble ! in the presence of thy corse ?

200

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,

It would become me better than to close

In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius ! Here wast thou bayed, brave hart ;

Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,

Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;

And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

How like a deer stricken by many princes,

210

Dost thou here lie !

Cas. Mark Antony, —

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius ;

The enemies of Cæsar shall say this ;

Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so ;

215

But what compact mean you to have with us ?

Will you be pricked in number of our friends,

Or shall we on, and not depend on you ?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,

Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.

220

Friends am I with you all and love you all,

Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons

Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle :
 Our reasons are so full of good regard
 That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
 You should be satisfied.

225

Ant. That's all I seek :
 And am moreover suitor that I may
 Produce his body to the market-place ;
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

230

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
 [Aside to Brutus.] You know not what you do : do not
 consent
 That Antony speak in his funeral :
 Know you how much the people may be moved
 By that which he will utter ?

235

Bru. By your pardon ;
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission,
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
 It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

240

Cas. I know not what may fall ; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body,
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
 And say you do 't by our permission ;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral : and you shall speak

250

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth, 255
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,— 260

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;

Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ; 265

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war ;

All pity choked with custom of fell deeds : 270
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,

Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war ;

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth 275
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming ; 280
And bid me say to you by word of mouth —

O Cæsar! — [Seeing the body.]

Ant. Thy heart is big ; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching ; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine, 285
Began to water. Is thy master coming ?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath
chanced :

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet ; 290
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile ;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men ; 295
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.

Lend me your hand. [Exeunt with Cæsar's body.]

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here ; 5
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him ;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. Cit. I will hear Cassius ; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered. 10

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.* *Brutus goes into the pulpit.*]

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended : silence !

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear : believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer : — Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honor him : but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honor for his valor ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 33

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony : who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth ; as which of you shall not ? With this I depart, — that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. 46

All. Live, Brutus ! live, live !

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar's better parts 50

Shall be crowned in Brutus.

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru. My countrymen,—

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence ! Brutus speaks.

First Cit. Peace, ho !

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, 55

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart, 60

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

First Cit. Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair ;
We 'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you. 65

[Goes into the pulpit.

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus ?

Third Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.

Fourth Cit. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that's certain :
We are blest that Rome is rid of him. 70

Sec. Cit. Peace ! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Citizens. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ; 75

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it. 80

Here, under leavé of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honorable man ;

So are they all, all honorable men, —

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me : 85

But Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ? 90

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.

You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters ?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Marked ye his words ? He would not
take the crown ;
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
Sec. Cit. Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than
Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men :

I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you, 125
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here 's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar ;
I found it in his closet ; 't is his will :

Let but the commons hear this testament — 130

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read —
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills, 135
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

Fourth Cit. We 'll hear the will : read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will ! the will ! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you. 141
You are not wood, you are not stunes, but men ;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs ; 145
For, if you should, O, what would come of it !

Fourth Cit. Read the will ; we 'll hear it, Antony ;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient ? will you stay awhile ?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it : 150
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar ; I do fear it.

Fourth Cit. They were traitors : honorable men !

All. The will ! the testament !

Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will !
read the will. 156

Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will ?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave ? 160

All. Come down.

Sec. Cit. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony. 166

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Several Cit. Stand back. Room ! Bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember 170

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii :

Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :

See what a rent the envious Casca made : 175

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabbed ;

And as he plucked his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolved

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :

Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !

This was the most unkindest cut of all ;

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ; 185

- And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen ! 190
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors. 195
- First Cit.* O piteous spectacle !
Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar !
Third Cit. O woful day ! 200
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains !
First Cit. O most bloody sight !
Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.
All. Revenge ! About ! Seek ! Burn ! Fire ! Kill !
 Slay ! Let not a traitor live ! 205
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
First Cit. Peace there ! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die
 with him.
- Ant.* Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny. 211
 They that have done this deed are honorable :
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it : they are wise and honorable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend ; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him : 220
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus, 226
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny. 230

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away then ! come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho ! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony !

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ? 237
 Alas, you know not : I must tell you then :
 You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true : the will ! Let's stay and hear the
 will. 240

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar ! We'll revenge his death.

Third Cit. O royal Cæsar ! 245

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
 His private arbors and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you, 250
 And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
 To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away !
 We 'll burn his body in the holy place, 255
 And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
 Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.

Third Cit. Pluck down benches.

Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot, 261
 Take thou what course thou wilt !

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow !

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he ?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house. 265

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him :
 He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
 And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
 Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome. 270

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
 How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter CINNA the poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
 And things unlucky charge my fantasy :

I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name ?

5

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going ?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell ?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor ?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

10

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name ? Whither am I going ?

Where do I dwell ? am I a married man or a bachelor ?

Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely
and truly : wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

16

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools
that marry : you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed ; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

20

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy ?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

25

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces ; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for
his bad verses.

31

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name 's Cinna ; pluck
but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A house in Rome.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

Oct. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

5

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

Lep. What, shall I find you here? 10

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

Oct. So you thought him, 15
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,

• 20

He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
 To groan and sweat under the business,
 Either led or driven, as we point the way ;
 And having brought our treasure where we will,
 Then take we down his load and turn him off,
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
 And graze in commons.

Oct. You may do your will;
 But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that
 I do appoint him store of provender :
 It is a creature that I teach to fight,
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
 His corporal motion governed by my spirit.

And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so ;
 He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth ;
 A barren-spirited fellow ; one that feeds
 On objects, arts and imitations,

Which, out of use and staled by other men,
 Begin his fashion : do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things : Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers : we must straight make head :
 Therefore let our alliance be combined,
 Our best friends made, our means stretched ;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclosed,
 And open perils surest answered.

Oct. Let us do so : for we are at the stake,
 And bayed about with many enemies ;
 And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
 Millions of mischiefs.

[*Exeunt.*

25

30

35

40

45

50

SCENE II. *Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers : TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho !

Lucil. Give the word, ho ! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius ! is Cassius near ?

Lucil. He is at hand ; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

5

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone ; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

10

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you : let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough ;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

15

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling : ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.

20

There are no tricks in plain and simple faith ;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle ;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

25

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered ;
 The greater part, the horse in general,
 Are come with Cassius. [Low march within.]

Bru. Hark ! he is arrived. 30
 March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand !

Sec. Sol. Stand ! 35

Third Sol. Stand !

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! wrong I mine enemies ?
 And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother ?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs ; 40
 And when you do them —

Bru. Cassius, be content ;
 Speak your griefs softly : I do know you well.
 Before the eyes of both our armies here,
 Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
 Let us not wrangle: bid them move away ; 45
 Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
 And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
 Bid our commanders lead the charges off
 A little from this ground.

Bru. Lucilius, do you the like ; and let no man 50
 Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
 Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Brutus' tent.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wronged me doth appear in this :
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off. 5

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a case..

Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm, 10
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm !
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption, 15
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember :
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched his body, that did stab, 20
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus ? 25
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me ;
I'll not endure it : you forget yourself,
To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choleric?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. O ye gods, ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart
break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge,
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way ; you wrong me, Brutus ;

I said, an elder soldier, not a better :
Did I say, better ?

56

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace ! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not !

60

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him !

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for. 65
There is no terror, Cæsarius, in your threats ;

For I am armed so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you denied me : 70

For I can raise no money by vile means :

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash

By any indirection : I did send

75

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius ?

Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

80

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my
heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities, 85
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear 90
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come ;
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world ;

Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ; 95
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep

My spirit from mine eyes ! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart 100
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :

If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him 105
better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire, 110

Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too. 115

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What 's the matter ?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth, 120
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Poet. [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals ;
There is some grudge between 'em ; 't is not meet
They be alone.

Lucil. [Within.] You shall not come to them. 125

Poet. [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and LUCIUS.

Cas. How now ! what 's the matter ?

Poet. For shame, you generals ! what do you mean ?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be ;
For I have seen more years, I 'm sure, than ye. 130

Cas. Ha, ha ! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme !

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence !

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus ; 't is his fashion.

Bru. I 'll know his humor, when he knows his time :
What should the wars do with these jigging fools ? 135
Companion, hence !

Cas. Away, away, be gone ! [Exit Poet.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine ! [Exit Lucius.

Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry. 141

Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.

Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.

Bru. No man bears sorrow better : Portia is dead. 145

Cas. Ha ! Portia !

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How scaped I killing when I crossed you so ?
O insupportable and touching loss !
Upon what sickness ?

Bru. Impatient of my absence, 150
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong : for with her death
That tidings came : with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

Cas. And died so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods ! 155

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup ; 159
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Bru. Come in, Titinius ! [Exit Lucius.

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here received letters, 165
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree ;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died 175
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one !

Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you ? hear you aught of her in yours ?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala :
With meditating that she must die once
I have the patience to endure it now. 190

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.

Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently ? 195

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :
'T is better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness. 200

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them, 205
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged ;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother. 210

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
The enemy increaseth every day ;
We, at the height, are ready to decline. 215
There is a tide in the affairs of men,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

220

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ;
 We 'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity ;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.
 There is no more to say ?

225

Cas. No more. Good night :
 Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Bru. Lucius ! [Enter *Lucius*.] My gown. [Exit *Lucius*.]
 Farewell, good Messala :
 Good night, Titinius : noble, noble Cassius,
 Good night, and good repose.

230

Cas. O my dear brother !
 This was an ill beginning of the night :
 Never come such division 'tween our souls !
 Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother. 235

Tit. Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus*.]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily ?
 Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'erwatched.
 Call Claudius and some other of my men ; 240
 I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius !

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord ?
Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep ;
 It may be I shall raise you by and by 245
 On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so : lie down, good sirs ;
 It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
 Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so ; 250
 I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Varro and Claudius lie down.*

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
 Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
 And touch thy instrument a strain or two ? 255

Luc. Ay, my lord, an't please you.
Bru. It does, my boy :
 I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.
Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might ;
 I know young bloods look for a time of rest. 260

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.
Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;
 I will not hold thee long ; if I do live,
 I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song.*
 This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber, 265

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
 That plays thee music ? Gentle knave, good night ;
 I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee :
 If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument ;
 I'll take it from thee ; and, good boy, good night. 270
 Let me see, let me see ; is not the leaf turned down
 Where I left reading ? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ?
 I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
 That shapes this monstrous apparition. 275
 It comes upon me. Art thou any thing ?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That makest my blood cold and my hair to stare ?
 Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why comest thou ? 280

Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

Bru. Well ; then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

[*Exit Ghost.*

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest : 285
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
 Boy, Lucius ! Varro ! Claudius ! Sirs, awake !
 Claudius !

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument. 290

Lucius, awake !

Luc. My lord ?

Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst
 out ?

Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

Bru. Yes, that thou didst : didst thou see any thing ?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah, Claudius !

[*To Varro*] Fellow thou, awake !

Var. My lord ?

Clau. My lord ?

300

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

Var. *Clau.* Did we, my lord ?

Bru. Ay : saw you any thing ?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius ;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

305

And we will follow.

Var. *Clau.* It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :

You said the enemy would not come down;

But keep the hills and upper regions ;

It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;

They mean to warn us at Philippi here,

5

Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know

Wherefore they do it : they could be content

To visit other places ; and come down

With fearful bravery, thinking by this face

10

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;

But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately. 15

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ? 19

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so. [March.]

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their Army ; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

Cas. Stand fast, Titinius : we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle ?

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth ; the generals would have some words. 25

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart, 31
Crying "Long live ! hail, Cæsar !"

Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too. 35

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;
 For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
 And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
 Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar : 40
 You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like
 hounds,
 And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
 Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
 Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers ! Now, Brutus, thank yourself : 45
 This tongue had not offended so to-day,
 If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause : if arguing make us sweat,
 The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
 Look ; 50
 I draw a sword against conspirators ;
 When think you that the sword goes up again ?
 Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
 Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors. 55

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
 Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope ;
 I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
 Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable. 60

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
 Joined with a masker and a reveller !

Ant. Old Cassius still !
Oct. Come, Antony, away .
 Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*]

Cas. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim
bark!

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. [Standing forth.] My lord!

Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.

Cas. Messala.

Mes. [Standing forth.] What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day 71

Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:

Be thou my witness that against my will,

As Pompey was, am I compelled to set

Upon one battle all our liberties. 75

You know that I held Epicurus strong

And his opinion : now I change my mind.

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,

Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands:

Who to Philippi here consorted us :

This morning are they fled away and

This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites

Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us.

As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem

As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal under which

A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give up the

Mes. Believe not so

Ans. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly,

For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

90

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !
But since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :
What are you then determined to do ?

95

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself : I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life : arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

100

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome ?

105

Bru. No, Cassius, no : think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun ;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take :
For ever, and for ever, farewell Cassius !
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;
If not, why then this parting was well made.

111

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus !

115

If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed ; 120
 If not, 't is true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
 The end of this day's business ere it come !
 But it sufficeth that the day will end,
 And then the end is known. Come, ho ! away ! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The field of battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills
 Unto the legions on the other side. [*Loud alarum.*
 Let them set on at once ; for I perceive
 But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
 And sudden push gives them the overthrow. 5
 Ride, ride, Messala : let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly !
 Myself have to my own turned enemy :
 This ensign here of mine was turning back ;
 I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early ; 5
 Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
 Took it too eagerly : his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord : 10
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius ;
 Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lovest me,

Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him, 15
 Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
 And here again ; that I may rest assured
 Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill ; 20
 My sight was ever thick ; regard Titinius,
 And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*

This day I breathed first : time is come round,
 And where I did begin, there shall I end ;
 My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news ? 25

Pin. [Above.] O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pin. [Above.] Titinius is enclosed round about
 With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;
 Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. 30
 Now, Titinius ! Now some light. O, he lights too.
 He's ta'en. [Shout.] And, hark ! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.
 O, coward that I am, to live so long,
 To see my best friend ta'en before my face ! 35

[*Pindarus descends.*

Come hither, sirrah :
 In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;
 And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
 That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
 Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath ;
 Now be a freeman : and with this good sword, 41
 That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;
 And, when my face is covered, as 't is now,
 Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.] Cæsar,
 thou art revenged, 45
 Even with the sword that killed thee. [Dies.]

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been,
 Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !
 Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
 Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius ; for Octavius 51
 Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

Tit. All disconsolate, 55
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground ?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart !

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
 But Cassius is no more. O setting sun, 60
 As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
 So in his red blood Cassius' day is set ;
 The sun of Rome is set ! Our day is gone ;
 Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are done !

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed. 65

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
 O hateful error, melancholy's child,
 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not ? O error, soon conceived,

Thou never comest unto a happy birth, 70
 But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.

Tit. What, Pindarus ! where art thou, Pindarus ?

Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears : I may say, thrusting it ; 75
 For piercing steel and darts envenomed
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
 As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit *Messala*.
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius ? 80
 Did I not meet thy friends ? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee ? Didst thou not hear their
 shouts ?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing !
 But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow ; 85
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
 By your leave, gods : this is a Roman's part :
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[Kills himself.]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
 STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie ? 91

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords 95
 In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.]

Cato. Brave Titinius !

Look, whether he have not crowned dead Cassius !

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these ?
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well !

It is impossible that ever Rome 100

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe moe tears
 To this dead man than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.

Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body :

His funerals shall not be in our camp, 105

Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come ;

And come, young Cato ; let us to the field.

Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on :

'T is three o'clock ; and, Romans, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.] 110

SCENE IV. *Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both armies ; then
 BRUTUS, young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.*

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads !

Cato. What bastard doth not ? Who will go with me ?

I will proclaim my name about the field :

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ; 5

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
 Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus ! [Exit.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ; 10

And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die :
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Offering money.]
Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner ! 15

Sec. Sold. Room, ho ! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he ?

Lucil. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough : 20
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself. 25

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth : keep this man safe ;
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead ; 30
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, and VOLUMNIUS.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back : he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus : slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [Whispering.] 5

Cli. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace, then ! no words.

Cli. I 'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispering.*

Dar. Shall I do such a deed ?

Cli. O Dardanius !

Dar. O Clitus !

10

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee ?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,

That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius ; list a word. 15

Vol. What says my lord ?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius :

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me

Two several times by night ; at Sardis once,

And this last night here in Philippi fields :

I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

20

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes ;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit : [*Low alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,

Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, 25

Thou know'st that we two went to school together :

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,

Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That 's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord ; there is no tarrying here. 30

Bru. Farewell to you ; and you ; and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;

Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life.

I found no man but he was true to me.

35

I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once ; for Brutus tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history :

40

Night hangs upon mine eyes ; my bones would rest,
That have but labored to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence ! I will follow.

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :

Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;

45

Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it :

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato ?

Stra. Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [Runs on his sword.]

Cæsar, now be still :

50

I killed not thee with half so good a will.

[*Dies.*

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
LUCILIUS, and the army.*

Oct. What man is that ?

Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master ?

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala :

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;

55

For Brutus only overcame himself,

And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them. 60
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Stra. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

65

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; 70
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

75

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away, 80
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Exeunt.*]



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

(Appears)

JULIUS CÆSAR	I, 2; II, 2; III, 1.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, <i>a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar</i>	IV, 1; V, 1, 5.
MARCUS ANTONIUS, <i>a triumvir after the death of Julius Cæsar</i>	I, 2; II, 2; III, 1, 2; IV, 1; V, 1, 4, 5.
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, <i>a tri- umvir after the death of Cæsar</i>	III, 1; IV, I.
CICERO, <i>a senator</i>	I, 2, 3.
PUBLIUS, <i>a senator</i>	II, 2; III, 1.
POPILIIUS LENAS, <i>a senator</i>	III, 1.
MARCUS BRUTUS, <i>a conspirator</i>	I, 2; II, 1, 2; III, 1, 2; IV, 2, 3; V, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
CASSIUS, <i>a conspirator</i>	I, 2, 3; II, 1; III, 1, 2; IV, 2, 3; V, 1, 3.
CASCA, <i>a conspirator</i>	I, 2, 3; II, 1, 2; III, 1.
TREBONIUS, <i>a conspirator</i>	II, 1, 2; III, 1.
LIGARIUS, <i>a conspirator</i>	II, 1, 2.
DECIUS BRUTUS, <i>a conspirator</i>	I, 2; II, 1, 2; III, 1.
METELLUS CIMBER, <i>a conspirator</i>	II, 1, 2; III, 1.
CINNA, <i>a conspirator</i>	I, 3; II, 1, 2; III, 1.
FLAVIUS, <i>a tribune</i>	I, 1.
MARULLUS, <i>a tribune</i>	I, 1.
ARTEMIDORUS, <i>a sophist of Cnidos</i>	II, 3; III, 1.
A Soothsayer	I, 2; II, 4; III, 1.
CINNA, <i>a poet</i>	III, 3.
A Poet	IV, 3.
LUCILIUS, <i>a friend to Brutus and Cassius</i>	IV, 2, 3; V, 1, 3, 4, 5.
TTINNIUS, <i>a friend to Brutus and Cassius</i>	IV, 2, 3; V, 1, 3.
MESSALA, <i>a friend to Brutus and Cassius</i>	IV, 3; V, 1, 2, 3, 5.
Young Cato, <i>a friend to Brutus and Cassius</i>	V, 3, 4.
VOLUMNIUS, <i>a friend to Brutus and Cassius</i>	V, 3, 5.
VARRO, <i>servant to Brutus</i>	IV, 3.
CLITUS, <i>servant to Brutus</i>	V, 5.
CLAUDIUS, <i>servant to Brutus</i>	IV, 3.
STRATO, <i>servant to Brutus</i>	V, 3, 5.
LUCIUS, <i>servant to Brutus</i>	II, 1, 4; IV, 2, 3.
DARDANIUS, <i>servant to Brutus</i>	V, 5.
PINDARUS, <i>servant to Cassius</i>	IV, 2; V, 3.
CALPURNIA, <i>wife to Cæsar</i>	I, 2; II, 2.
PORTIA, <i>wife to Brutus</i>	I, 2; II, 1, 4.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE.—DURING A GREAT PART OF THE PLAY AT ROME; AFTERWARDS AT SARDIS, AND NEAR PHILIPPI.

NOTES.¹

Julius Cæsar must have been written between 1598 and 1603. Dowden assigns it to the year 1601. It was first published in the folio of 1623. The play belongs to the same period of the poet's life as *Hamlet*. The poet's diction at this period was simpler, his style more flowing, and to modern readers easier, than it became in the later plays, as, e.g., in *Coriolanus* and *Cymbeline*.

As compared with the other great tragedies, except *Macbeth*, *Julius Cæsar* is remarkably short. The peculiarity has been conjecturally accounted for by supposing that the copy of the play which came into the hands of the editors of 1623 had been shortened for stage purposes; and there are some reasons for thinking that this shortening was done by Ben Jonson. See Fleay's *Shakespeare Manual*.

In the text as here given no distinction is made between verbs in which the final *ed* counts as a syllable and those in which it does not. This is a matter in which the learner must help himself. The peculiarities of Shakespeare's syllabication, and the metric freedoms he allowed himself, are only to be learned by observation.

In the reading of the verse care must be taken on the one hand to catch the rhythmic movement, and on the other, to avoid everything like formal scanning. The English blank verse is elastic, and assumes various shapes while never departing from its norm. Lines that have five equal accents occur but now and then; but with extremely few exceptions, the lines are rhythmic, in accordance with the five-accent, iambic standard. The reader must learn to reconcile the verses to this blank verse standard while at the same time reading naturally and with regard to dramatic expression.

¹ The references to the other plays are always to the *Globe Shakespeare*, Macmillan & Co.

ACT I.

The subject of the play, it must be understood from the beginning, is *Marcus Brutus*.

The idea of a conspiracy against Cæsar's life is shown in the first act as originating in the mind of Cassius on grounds of personal enmity, and as finding acceptance in the mind of Brutus on grounds of concern for the public welfare. The deliberate, conscientious meditation of Brutus on the awful step he contemplates as the means of freeing Rome from tyranny, is contrasted with the ardor and the unscrupulousness with which Cassius and Casca apply themselves to the furtherance of the plot, and chiefly to the securing of Brutus as its leader. The sum and substance of the act is expressed in the last eight lines of the last scene.

Scene 1.

All the actors in this scene disappear from the play with the end of the scene itself. Tribunes and commoners, they are not *personæ* of the drama at all, but speak their brief parts as types of the social divisions and the political animosities of the Rome of Cæsar's time. What the historian would require pages to tell and explain the poet in a few lines reveals to us as picture. The commoners are nameless, as they are in the records of history, and have to be distinguished by being numbered; they are facetious, good-natured, coarse of speech, incapable of high political principle. But they represent the physical strength of Rome because they are a multitude and will follow devotedly a leader who wins them to his side. Whoever aspires to control Rome must be popular with the commons, and the commons have been won by Cæsar. The tribunes stand by the lost cause of Pompey. The tribunes represent patrician conservatism; they are imperious and full of dignity; their speech is warmed with noble sentiment; they typify Roman patriotism.

3. **mechanical.** To understand what, in the poet's mind, was the connotation of this word, compare the following passages : Cor. v, 3, 83 ; Ant. v, 2, 209 ; Hen. V, i, 2, 200 ; Mids. iii, 2, 9. He always uses the word for the sake of this implied meaning, never in its honorable modern sense.

you ought not walk. Everywhere else in Shakespeare, *ought* is connected with its infinitive in the modern way, as in ii, 1, 270. See *Paradise Lost*, viii, 74. There is still another very different early construction of *ought* found, e.g., in Chaucer. See *Legend of Good Women*, Prologue, 27, and the *Man of Law's Tale*, 1097. This word has a most interesting history, which should be looked up in the dictionaries and historical grammars.

4. Compare *laboring* with *growing* in line 73. Do both these words belong to the same part of speech ? Few things in English grammar are more puzzling than the verb-forms ending in *-ing*. They cannot be understood without reference to their origins.

Flavius and Marullus would seem in this passage, — lines 1-5, — to be enforcing a Roman law ; but the existence of such a law is an invention of the poet, who perhaps transfers to Rome a usage of his own country. It must be remembered that Shakespeare got his knowledge of history from very limited reading, and had no conception of nice scholarly scruples about mingling features of ancient and modern times. It may be said, generally, that the plays give evidence of wide observation, but not of exact learning.

It is worth noting that Shakespeare, who is so given to punning, nowhere uses the word *pun* in its modern sense. For the meaning this word had to the poet see *Troil.* ii, 1, 42. The serious, malevolent ambiguity of speech is described in *Mac.* v, 8, 20 : the playful quibble in *Merch.* iii, 5, 74. In the speeches of the Second Commoner be sure to see and understand six pairs of equivocal meanings.

9. Broken, or partial, lines are frequent in Shakespeare's verse. These partial lines are not unmetrical, and can be scanned so far as they go. Sometimes a reason for this procedure may be surmised. See lines 53 and 67, this scene.

16. **naughty**; a most interesting word. Look up its derivation. See Proverbs, xx, 14; Jeremiah, xxiv, 2; Lear, ii, 4, 136, and other instances in the Bible and in Shakespeare of this word, and of *naught*, or *nought*, both as adjective and as noun. Consider how the meaning of these words has changed.

26. **neat's-leather**. Is the word *neat* yet quite obsolete? See it defined by the poet, Wint. i, 2, 124; see also 3 Hen. VI, ii, 1, 14.

27. It will be a useful lesson in etymology to investigate the three different origins of the *i*'s in *handiwork*, *handicraft*, and *handicap*.

33. Throughout the dialogue with the commoners the speeches of the tribunes have been in verse. Such intermixture or close juxtaposition of prose and verse Shakespeare employs to enhance the distinction between a certain nobility or elevation of tone and the low level of commonplace. Note the prose of Casca's story in the next scene and that of Brutus's speech, Act iii, Sc. 2. In the latter case the use of prose is an affectation of low tone, by which Brutus aims to show himself utterly devoid of passion.

With line 33 Marullus suddenly rises to a high strain of fervent indignation which overwhelms the commoners and puts an end to the dialogue. This contrast of gentles and churls is a frequent motive with Shakespeare, as it had been, two centuries before, with Chaucer. Social distinctions had not in the Tudor time begun to be obliterated by the modern democratic revolutions. The great middle class of the present day, absorbing into itself all useful elements both from above and from below, and already the governing class in all advanced nations, was then still a quantity to be neglected.

42. **live-long**. Consider the origin, the meaning, and the pronunciation of the expression.

46, 48. **her banks. her shores.** The poet uses the neuter possessive *its* only ten times in all his works. See this play, v, 3,

25; Hamlet, i, 2, 216. Consult Abbott's Shak. Gram. 228, 229. Compare a passage, e.g., Genesis, i, 24, in the Bible of 1611, with the same passage in the revised version of 1885. As to the gender ascribed to *Tiber*, is Shakespeare in harmony with classic usage? Look up the pronouns referring to *Thames* in Spenser's Prothalamion. Look up Milton's usage,—Vac. Ex. 94; Comus, 832; Lycidas, 55; Par. Lost, iv, 224. See also Scriptural usage,—Joshua, iii, 15, and 1 Chronicles, xii, 15.

51. *in his way that comes*: a construction common enough in Elizabethan times. What is the antecedent of *that*? See the Gospel of John, vii, 16.

52. Consult the histories and learn in what sense Cæsar on this occasion triumphs “over Pompey’s blood.”

59–61. Find in the poet’s works other instances of the same hyperbole.

62. *metal*, also used in the form *mettle*; a favorite word with Shakespeare in this sense. See line 294, this scene, and Mac. i, 7, 73.

66. *ceremonies*. See Henry V, iv, 1, 109.

68. *Lupercal*. See Plutarch’s life of Cæsar, but especially Smith’s Dict. of Greek and Roman Antiquities. Plutarch represents the images of Cæsar as being set up with diadems on their heads, and as being disrobed of their decorations, *after* the offering of the crown (see Scene 2). Historically, the date of the annual feast of Lupercal was February 15.

Scene 2.

With the second scene all the great characters are introduced. First is *Marcus Brutus*, the hero of the tragedy. Although the play bears the name of Julius Cæsar, Brutus is the veritable hero of it, for it is his fate that furnishes the motive for the entire piece, his is the only figure that moves to its tragic exit in unbroken dignity and majesty. With not a single touch does the poet derogate from the impression of moral greatness which he means we shall form of his Brutus. In his conception of Brutus’s character he follows Plutarch, but goes

further than his authority, as was dramatically right, and as he has done with the other chief persons of the drama, notably with Cæsar.

The main motive of the tragedy, — the essentially tragical point of it, is the mistake of Brutus in undertaking a task for which his moral scrupulousness renders him unfit. The assassination of Cæsar is, in the play, incidental to the development of the career of Brutus. Brutus commands deference from all; and Cassius, who is Brutus's superior in practical sagacity, cheerfully yields to him in matters of crucial moment, being overawed by his commanding force of character. This force of personal character, joined with a reputation for absolute integrity of purpose, makes Brutus the natural leader of the men of his own rank with whom he is brought into contact. He stands well with the mob also, but does not make sufficient allowance for its fickleness, and foolishly imputes to it something of his own constancy and sense of honor.

As Shakespeare is not writing history or chronicle, but drama, — though indeed he is dramatizing a chapter of history, — he is no more bound to observe the exact proportions of character as these may be deduced from the records, than he is to respect the unities of time and place. For his present purpose he wished to enlarge and idealize Brutus, and to obscure and vulgarize Cæsar. For this procedure with regard to Cæsar he found a shadow of warrant in his historian. Plutarch is a gossip, by no means always studious to tell of his heroes only the grand achievements by which men win renown. Cæsar appears in his pages quite subject to the infirmities of human nature. The poet finds this aspect of the great dictator suitable to his purpose, aggravates it in accordance with his habit, and so gives us his Julius Cæsar. Ridiculous as the character appears to us who think we know something about the mightiest Julius, it suited the poet's main purpose in the play, and is no more unhistorical than he had a perfect right to make it.

That the play is named *Julius Cæsar*, the foremost actor in it being Marcus Brutus, seems an anomaly. But so Henry VIII is by no means dramatically the chief figure in the historical play that bears his name. The things in the “Famous History of the Life of King Henry VIII” that are “sad, high, and working, full of state and woe,” do not pertain to the king, but to Wolsey and Katharine. It is the tragic fates of these two personages that form the motive of the tragedy. Plays which in their earlier form had been entitled “The first part of the contention betwixt the two famous houses of Yorke and Lancaster,” etc., and “The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke,” etc., and had been correctly so designated in accordance with their content, came, under Shakespeare’s revision, to bear the simple name of *King Henry VI*. Evidently the poet had his reasons for giving to these plays the names of the characters in them that were politically, or historically, the most imposing. Historical prominence by no means implies dramatic usefulness, though a name prominent in history may be exceedingly useful as the title of a drama.

19. “Furthermore, there was a certaine Soothsayer, that had given Cæsar warning long afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the moneth), for on that day he should be in great danger.” Plut., Jul. Cæs.

21. Now that Cassius is introduced, let us see how this leader of the conspiracy is depicted by Plutarch: “Cassius being a cholerick man, and hating Cæsar priuatly, more than he did the tyrannie openly, incensed Brutus against him. It is also reported, that Brutus could euill away with the tyrannie, and that Cassius hated the tyrant: making many complaints for the iniuries he had done him; and amongst others, for that he had taken away his Lions from him. Cassius had prouided them for his sports, when he should be Ædilis, and they were found in the city of Megara. . . . And this was the cause (as some do report) that made Cassius conspire against Cæsar. But this holdeth no water: for Cassius euen from

his cradle could not abide any manner of tyrants, as it appeared when he was but a boy and went vnto the same schoole that Faustus, the son of Sylla, did. And Faustus bragging among other boyes, highly boasted of his father's kingdom: Cassius rose vp on his feet, and gave him two good whirts on the eare. Faustus governors would have put this matter in sute against Cassius; but Pompey would not suffer them, but caused the two boyes to be brought before him, and asked them how the matter came to passe. Then Cassius (as it is written of him) said unto the other: " Go too Faustus, speake againe and thou darest, before this Nobleman here, the same words that made me angrie with thee, that my fistes may walke once againe about thine ears. Such was Cassius hote stirring nature."

30, 36. Notice that *Cassius* is pronounced in one case as two syllables and in the other as three.

34. See the same use of *as* in line 174 of this scene.

40. *passions of some difference*; conflicting passions.

41. *proper to myself*; concerning myself alone.

42. *soil*. See Hamlet, i, 3, 15.

49–50. Supposing you had become alienated from me, I had refrained from communicating to you certain momentous thoughts which I have been entertaining.

51. Thus mysteriously the wily Cassius begins to make his overtures to Brutus.

60. Note the insinuating mention of Cæsar.

91. *favor*. See Mac. i, 5, 73; Hamlet, v, 1, 214; Proverbs, xxxi, 30; and this play, i, 3, 129.

95. *I had as lief not be as live*, etc. A genuine English idiomatic expression, present in the language at all periods, and still in full vigor and likely to remain so in spite of the hostility of those who imagine the *had* to be the auxiliary of tense and the following verb mistakenly used for the participle. *Had* is subjunctive, and *be* and *live* are infinitives. The attempt to substitute for *had* a subjunctive *would* is utterly needless, and betrays ignorance of the elements of historical grammar.

110. *arrive the point*. See Par. Lost, ii, 410; 3 Hen. VI, v, 3, 8; Coriolanus, ii, 3, 189.

114. One of Shakespeare's occasional six-foot lines.
156. See K. John, iii, 1, 180.
162. The word *jealous* may still be occasionally heard in this sense. See 2 Corinthians, xi, 2; Henry V, iv, 1, 302.
166. **So** is here conditional, nearly equivalent to *if*, and is followed by the subjunctive, as in 1 Henry IV, i, 3, 76.
- 247, 250. *swounded, swound.* Shakespeare uses these forms indifferently with the modern ones, *swoon, swooned*.
253. *he hath the falling-sickness.* "When they had decreeed diuers honors for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Praetors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went vnto him in the market place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honors they had decreed for him in his absence. But he sitting stil in his maiestie, disdaining to rise up unto them when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them: that his honors had more neede to be cut off then enlarged. This did not onely offend the Senate, but the common people also, to see that he should so lightly esteeme of the Magistrates of the common wealth: insomuch as euery man that might lawfully go his way, departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising, departed home to his house, and tearing open his dublet coller, making his necke bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throte was readie to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported, that afterwards to excuse this folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, that their wits are not perfitt which haue this disease of the falling euill, when standing on their feet they speake to the common people, but are soone troubled with a trembling of their bodie, and a sodaine dimnesse and giddinessse. But that was not true" etc., Plut., Jul. Cæs.
259. In modern English this employment of *use* in the present, with an infinitive object, is obsolete.
264. *plucked me ope his doublet.* See Merch, of Ven. i, 3, 85; ii, 2, 115; 1 Henry IV, ii, 4, 223, and 241; Two Gent. of Ver. iv, 4, 9; Tro. and Cres. i, 2, 188; Merry Wives, ii, 2, 102. The redundant *me* and *you* in these passages are instances of the so-called *ethical dative*, used in familiar, animated speech to express the speaker's interest in what he is saying and to stimulate

interest in the person addressed. The construction is not quite obsolete: Carlyle and Bulwer used it.

In clothing his Romans in *doublets* the poet is guilty of one of his frequent anachronisms; but this particular one he gets from North's Plutarch. See note to line 253.

265. On *an*, or *and*, as a conjunction with the meaning *if*, see the dictionaries.

An I had been a man of any occupation. Casca was not a man of any occupation: he was a patrician, and did not belong to the "common herd" to whom Cæsar made his offer.

295. *execution*: five syllables, metrically half the line. Be on the lookout for similar instances of expansion of final *ion*, *iency*, *ius*.

311. bear me hard. See ii, 1, 215; iii, 1, 157.

314. he should not humor me: *humor* in the sense of *cajole*. See Much Ado, ii, 1, 396; 2 Hen. IV, v, 1, 80.

Scene 3.

In the preceding scene we saw Cassius sound Brutus's feeling concerning the growth of Cæsar's power in the state, and learned from his final soliloquy the result of his observations,—

Well, Brutus, thou art noble, yet I see,

The third scene shows Cassius rapidly and with simple means winning the apt spirit of Casca, and concerting with Casca and Cinna the subtler devices which shall appeal to the moral sense of Brutus.

Note that Cicero appeared on the stage for a very short time at the beginning of Scene 2, but without any part in the dialogue. He here appears briefly questioning Casca, then to vanish finally from the play. Examine the allusions to Cicero (i, 2, 185, 277; ii, 1, 141-253), and consider his speeches here, with a view to discussing the question why the poet has him as a personage in the play at all. Historically, the most imposing figure in the drama, after Cæsar himself,

he is treated, like Cæsar, without the least regard for his greatness. Why is this?

1. **brought.** See the verb *bring* in the same sense, Temp. ii, 2, 171; Much Ado, iii, 2, 3.
3. **the sway of earth;** the fixed and established order of nature.
12. **saucy.** The meaning of the word is illustrated in Twelfth Night, iii, 4, 159.
20. **against,** opposite.
23. **upon a heap.** See Henry V, iv, 5, 18; Richard III, ii, 1, 53.
26. **the bird of night.** See Macbeth, ii, 3, 64; Hamlet, i, 1, 160.
32. **climate.** Consider other instances of the use of this word and see if Shakespeare attributes to it the idea of temperature. See Tempest, ii, 1, 200; Richard II, iv, 1, 130.
41. **to walk in.** An instance of the gerundial infinitive, the *to* being a real preposition, and *walk*, its object, a verbal noun.
42. **what night is this!** Consider what modification this sentence needs to make it express its meaning in the English of to-day.
48. See ii, 1, 262; Hamlet, ii, 1, 78.
49. **thunder-stone.** See Othello, v, 2, 235; Cymbeline, iv, 2, 271. See also *belemnite* in the dictionaries.
60. **cast yourself in wonder.** An unexampled use of the verb *cast*. Richard Grant White ventures to substitute *case*.
77. **prodigious.** Be sure to understand the exact meaning of this word. See M. N. Dream, v, 1, 419; Tro. and Cres. v, 1, 100.
83. **governed with.** A use of *with* common in Shakespeare.
117. **fleering.** See Much Ado, v, 1, 58; Rom. and Jul. i, 5,
59. Hold, as so often in Shakespeare, is interjectional.
118. **factious for redress.** See 2 Henry VI, ii, 1, 40; Rich. III, i, 3, 128.
- 138, 148, 155. Shakespeare's use of a singular verb with a plural subject is not to be explained as a mere violation of grammatical rule. See Abbott's Grammar, 332-338.
159. **alchemy.** See K. John, iii, 1, 78; Tim. of Ath. v, 1, 117.

ACT II.

The first act shows the conspiracy in its inception: the second shows its progress to maturity.

Scene 1.

Brutus decides to himself that Cæsar must die: in his anxiety he cannot sleep: meeting the other conspirators, he naturally takes his proper position as leader, and himself initiates a new member of the band: his preoccupation of mind alarms Portia, whose solicitude for her husband reveals the conflict in his soul more impressively than even his own soliloquies.

5. **when**, an exclamation of impatience. See Rich. II, i, 1, 162.

12. **general**; as in Ham. ii, 2, 453; Meas. for Meas. ii, 4, 27.

15. **that**, elliptical for,—*suppose we do crown him*. See also Much Ado, ii, 3, 145.

21. **proof**; used in a sense now obsolete. See M. of V. i, 1, 144; Cymbeline, i, 6, 70.

28. **prevent**; in its primitive signification, as below, iii, 1, 35; M. of V. i, 1, 61.

29. **color**, as 2 Henry VI, iii, 1, 236; Ant. and Cle. i, 3, 32.

42. **calendar**; a word of interesting origin.

55. In this line the words *speak* and *strike* must be regarded as having, metrically, each the value of a complete foot.

59. **wasted**: in a sense which the word no longer has. See M. of V. iii, 4, 12.

How utterly out of the question it is to hold the poet responsible for correct dealing with *historical time* is shown here as in so many other instances in the plays. From the feast of Lupercal to the ides of March is just a month. But we cannot find this month in the drama. The actual time occupied by the events pictured in the play, i.e., from the feast of Lupercal, Feb. 15, B.C. 44, to the battle of Philippi, Nov., B.C. 42, is about two years and nine

months. Shakespeare had no occasion to encumber the play with chronological data, and has therefore omitted all such data. The time-indications here, as in the plays generally, are inferences to be drawn from the sequence of events. To enjoy the play it is not necessary to draw these inferences at all. To be intimately acquainted with Roman history is a disqualification for cordial appreciation of the drama as a work of art, if such acquaintance begets a desire to find in the poet the same knowledge. It is always interesting, in reading a play, whether a "historical" one or not, to note the indications of the lapse of time. But these indications are usually indefinite, and the best readers will differ as to how much they indicate. We must learn to "brook abridgment,"

" jumping o'er times,
Turning the accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass."

66. *genius*. See Mac. iii, 1, 56.

mortal instruments: deadly instruments,—all the means and devices which the conspiracy is to use to accomplish its deadly purpose.

Compare this speech of Brutus with the soliloquy of Lady Macbeth, i, 5, 39-55.

72. *moe*. *Moe*, formerly the comparative of *many*, as *more* was of *much*, was already in the Tudor period becoming obsolete, and the form *more* was coming to be used in both senses, as it now is.

83. *path*. The only instance of *path* as a verb. If the reading is correct, it must mean *walk* or *go forward*. Other readings that have been suggested are *march*, *put*, *hadst*, *pall*, *walk*, *parle*, *pass*, *pace*. With the reading *path*, and with most of the others, the words, *thy native semblance on*, must be taken absolutely, the participle, *being*, to be understood.

85. *prevention*; i.e., anticipation or detection.

99. *night*; i.e., *sleep*.

101. The "other Brutus" among the conspirators is by the poet, who therein follows Plutarch, incorrectly named *Decius*. The name should be *Decimus Brutus*; and, historically, it was

this Decimus, and not the arch-conspirator, Marcus Brutus, who held so high a place in the affections of Julius Cæsar.

101–111. Cassius having signified his desire to speak privately with Brutus, the rest naturally direct their conversation to indifferent matters. The leaders of the conspiracy seeming to take for a moment the entire burden of responsibility on themselves, the mental tension of the inferiors seeks relief in what appears a trivial and irrelevant debate. But note the poetical elevation of the speeches of Cinna and Casca.

108. **weighing**; taking into account.

116. Note the change of construction, — *anacoluthon*.

119. **lottery**. See M. of V. ii, 1, 15.

126. **palter**. See Mac. v, 8, 20.

129. **cautelous**. See Ham. i, 8, 15; Cor. iv, 1, 33.

150. **break with him**. What two dissimilar meanings may this expression have? Which is the better here?

175–177. Note how the *as* clause, once introduced, takes the lead and draws the rest of the sentence after itself.

178. **envious**. See instances of the word meaning, *malignant* or *spiteful*, Rom. and Jul. i, 1, 156; iii, 1, 173; Ham. iv, 7; 174.

187. **take thought**; perhaps with the meaning, *grow melancholy*. See Hamlet, iv, 5, 188; iii, 4, 51.

198. **apparent**; not in the modern sense, but as in Win. Tale, 1, 2, 270; Rich. III, iii, 5, 30.

212. **To fetch him**; as in Scene 2 of this act, lines 59 and 108.

224. **look fresh and merrily**; an illustration of the indifference with which Shakespeare uses adjective and adverb to complete the predicate after the verb *look*.

227. **with formal constancy**, i.e., with speech, gesture, and bearing consistent with the character they are representing.

Compare, in respect of *tone*, Brutus's speech (224–228) with the speeches of the same tenor in Macbeth, i, 4, 12; i, 5, 63; i, 7, 82; iii, 2, 34.

231. **Thou hast no figures**, etc. So King Henry envied the “wet sea-boy,” and Macbeth the dead Duncan. 2 K. Hen. IV, iii, 1, 4–31; Mac. iii, 2, 23.

248. Compare, metrically, the word *impatience* in this line with the same word, i, 3, 61.

280-282. Was there a reservation made in our marriage-bond to the effect that I should not know your secrets?

289-290. Consider how the perfect figure exalts and ennobles the sentiment. Not only is the expression more beautiful, but it means more, than simple, every-day words.

300. See Plutarch's *Marcus Brutus*.

308. See Merry Wives, v, 5, 77.

323. *exorcist*, *exorcism*, and *exorciser* always refer in Shakespeare to the *calling up* or *summoning* of spirits. This sense is now nearly obsolete.

324. Do not mistake the meaning of *mortified*. It is used here in the only sense known to Shakespeare. See Mac. v, 2, 5; L. L. Lost, i, 1, 28; Henry V, i, 1, 26; M. of V. i, 1, 82.

Scene 2.

The story of Calpurnia's crying out in her sleep, of the ill omens announced by the augurs, and of Cæsar's irresolution, is all in Plutarch, and is not exaggerated by the poet. This scene between Calpurnia and Cæsar and the similar one between Portia and Brutus should be compared with reference to differences of character in the actors which the dialogue brings to light.

57. Here's Decius Brutus. Refer back to ii, 1, 202.

67. graybeards; a contemptuous reference to the senators.

76. statuë; obviously to be pronounced in three syllables, as also in iii, 2, 192. Some editors print *statua*.

80. A six-foot line, or Alexandrine.

89. cognizance; as in 1 Henry VI, ii, 4, 108; Cym. ii, 4, 127. A term of heraldry. See dictionary.

97. rendered, i.e., repeated, talked about. See Bacon's *Essay, Of Friendship*.

104. liable; that is, *subject*, as in K. John, ii, 1, 490; Pericles, iv, 6, 178.

121. hour's; here dissyllabic.

124, 128. Compare Trebonius's *Aside* with that of Brutus.

129. That every like is not the same, etc. The *like* used by Cæsar is very different from the *like* in Brutus's mind.

Scene 3.

"And one Artemidorus also, a Doctor of Rhetoricke, who by meanes of his profession was very familiar with certaine of Brutus confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar, came and brought him a litle bill written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tell him." Plutarch, *Jul. Cæs.*

6. If thou beest. "In the present subjunctive, second singular, after *if*, *though*, etc., *beest*, properly an indicative form, was common in the 16th and 17th centuries, and is regularly used by Shakespeare." Murray, New Eng. Dict. See the correct form in Genesis, xxvii, 21.

7. security, in the sense most frequent in Shakespeare and Milton. See Ham. i, 5, 61; Mac. iii. 5, 32; Allegro, 91; Par. Lost, i, 261.

12. emulation; used here in a sense now obsolete. See Tro. and Cres. ii, 2, 212.

14. contrive. So in Ham. iv, 7, 136; M. of V. iv, 1, 352, 360.

Scene 4.

May we infer from this scene that Portia knows of the plot? Has Brutus kept his promise to her, ii, 1, 305–308? Or is her anxiety due merely to suspicion and presentiment of impending trouble?

39. The five accents are all present in the line. Perhaps the interjection is to be expanded to fill an entire foot. The reading has been suggested, "O Brutus mine." This satisfies the metrical requirements, but does it sound like Shakespeare?

ACT III.

The conspiracy attains its object in the assassination of Cæsar. Antony, belying Brutus's estimate of his character, enters with vigor and craft upon the task of avenging the dictator's death.

Scene 1.

Cæsar is slain, and trepidation prevails in the city. Brutus believes his own "reasons so full of good regard" that he will easily justify himself to the world. He overrides Cassius's suggestions of precautionary measures, and with fatal generosity permits Mark Antony to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

10. **Sirrah.** See Webster's Dict.
29. **addressed,** *ready*, as always in Shakespeare.
39. **fond**, in its primary sense of *foolish*. Chaucer has the noun *fonne*, meaning *a fool*.

67. **And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive:** All men are of one flesh, and belong to one family; and all men are endowed with reason. Yet, etc.

77. **Et tu Brute.** These words are probably an invention of some dramatist of the poet's own time. They occur in the True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of Yorke, a play in whose composition Shakespeare probably had a share, and which certainly formed the ground-work of the third part of his King Henry VI. See True Tragedie, v, 1, 53, in the Cambridge Shakespeare. A play on the subject of Julius Cæsar, written in Latin, by Richard Eedes, had been performed at the University of Oxford in 1582. It is possible that *Et tu Brute* is Eedes's rendering into Latin of the Greek words, meaning *and you my child*, which Suetonius says were traditionally reported, — "*tradiderunt quidam*," — as forming Cæsar's last exclamation to Brutus. Plutarch's account is very different:

"So Cæsar comming into the house, all the Senate stood vp on their feete to do him honour. Then part of Brutus company and

confederates stood round about Cæsar's chaire, and part of them also came towards him, as though they made sute with Metellus Cimber to call home his brother againe from banishment: and thus prosecuting still their sute, they followed Cæsar till he was set in his chaire. Who, denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied, the more they pressed upon him, and were the earnester with him: Metellus at length, taking his gowne with both his hands, pulled it over his necke, which was the signe giuen the confederates to set vpon him. Then Casca behind him strake him in the necke with his sword, howbeit the wound was not great nor mortall, because it seemed the fear of such a diuelish attempt did amaze him, and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar turning straight unto him, caught hold of his sword, and held it hard, and they both cried out; Cæsar in latin, O vile traitor Casca, what doest thou? And Casca in Greek to his brother, Brother, help me. At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracie, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to flie, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outerie. They on the other side that had conspired his death, compassed him in on euery side with their swords drawn in their hands, that Cæsar turned him nowhere, but he was striken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked & mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound, because al their parts should be in this murther. Men report also, that Cæsar did stil defend himself against the rest, running every way with his bodie: but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawne in his hand, then he pulled his gowne ouer his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually or purposedly, by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a goare bloud till he was slaine. Thus it seemed that the image tooke iust revenge of Pompeys enemie, being throwne down on the ground at his feet & yeelding up his ghost there, for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported, that he had three and twentie wounds upon his bodie:

and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one bodie with so many blowes." Plut., *Julius Cæsar*.

86. **Where's Publius?** Publius speaks three words, ii, 2, 109, and again three words in line 10 of this scene. For what dramatic purpose can it be that he is introduced ?

90. **Talk not of standing**; i.e., we have no occasion to fear danger from Cæsar's friends.

95. **abide this deed.** Chaucer had the word *abyde*, to wait for, and the word *abye*, to answer for, to stand the consequences of. Shakespeare, on the authority of the earliest editions, has *abye* in Mid. N. Dr. iii, 2, 175, 335. But elsewhere in Shakespeare, as in modern speech, the two verbs appear with the form *abide*.

109, 111. **walk we . . . let us cry.** There is no imperative of the first person. Substitutes for such an imperative in the plural are made in the two ways here illustrated. The former is the more ancient, and is now obsolete. Shakespeare uses both. In the Gospel of John, xi, 15, 16, Wycliff's version has *go we*, while Tyndale and the later translations have *let us go*.

122. **most boldest.** The double superlative is frequent in Shakespeare.

124-138. With this message to Brutus, which is really Antony's first speech in his career as champion of Cæsar's cause, what may be called the second part of the tragedy begins. Cæsar, with "his general behavior vain, ridiculous and thrasonical," is gone. Except Brutus and Cassius, all the conspirators, after shaking hands with Antony (186-190) disappear from the scene. Calpurnia and Portia have finished their parts. Of Portia's touching death we are to hear when a report of it is needed to set off her husband's stoic fortitude.

We have heard Cæsar and Antony discuss the character of Cassius, and have seen, from this discussion, that Antony is apparently incompetent to judge of men. We have heard Brutus and Cassius discuss the character of Antony, and, trusting to Brutus's insight, have perhaps concluded that Antony is a man of feeble quality, "given to sports, to wildness, and much company."

As we have learned that Cæsar was in the right concerning Cassius, so now we are to learn that Cassius, and not Brutus, was

in the right concerning Antony. Antony now suddenly develops astonishing powers of action, and consummate tact in managing the populace. Having in the play hitherto spoken in all some half-dozen lines, he now shows himself an orator, and makes long and notable speeches which accomplish their object. He overwhelms the conspirators at home and pursues them into distant lands. The story of the fourth act may be entitled, *Antony triumphant*.

141. *So please him come*; *please* is subjunctive, and *come* infinitive, subject of *please*. In our expressions, *if you please*, *if he pleases*, the verb *please* has departed from its original and true meaning. The corresponding verbs in German and French adhere to their primitive sense: *wenn es ihm gefällt*; *s'il lui plaît*.

146-147. In spite of the conciliatory message just delivered by the servant, Cassius still has misgivings as to Antony's intention.

153. *rank*. See Sonnet cxviii, 12; 2 Henry IV, iii, 1, 39.

159. The fiction that hands stained with fresh blood reek and smoke is a commonplace with the poets.

160. *Live* is subjunctive conditional, with ellipsis of subject.

172. The first fire is dissyllabic. See Abbott, Shak. Gram. 475, 480.

175. *in strength of malice*. The difficulty of making sense of this passage has led to various alterations of the text. Pope reads, *exempt from malice*; Hudson, *in strength of amity*.

207. *lethe*, —two syllables. The only instance of the word in Shakespeare. Do not confound it with *lethe*, Ham. i, 5, 33; T. Night, iv, 1, 66, and elsewhere.

217. *pricked*. See dictionary. So used again below, iv, 1, 1 and 16.

274. “*havoc*.” Look up the derivation. See K. John, ii, 1, 357; Coriol. iii, 1, 275; Ham. v, 2, 375.

Scene 2.

The scene of the famous speeches to the citizens. Brutus speaks with studied plainness of manner, disdaining rhetorical artifice, presenting his case with fewest possible words, as though his cause were manifestly right and needed no setting

out. He tries to seem to have brought no passion to his deed as assassin. As he had refused to include Antony as a victim, together with Cæsar, so now he makes another mistake in allowing Antony to speak after himself. Antony uses all the tricks of the demagogue. He is overwhelmed with grief and apologizes for his emotion. It is the rhetorician, of course, who succeeds, for the audience is a mob.

Consider the poet's art in casting Brutus's speech in the form of prose. See note to i, 1, 33.

1. **satisfied**, in the sense of *fully informed, convinced*. So above, iii, 1, 48, 141, 226; Rom. and Jul. ii, 5, 37.

16. **censure**, in the sense, usual in Shakespeare, of *judge*. See 2 Henry VI, iii, 1, 275.

22. **Had you rather Cæsar were**, etc. *Had*, the principal verb, is subjunctive, as is also *were* in the object clause; *die* is infinitive. After the *than* the conjunction *that* is inserted, though in the former clause it was naturally omitted.

38. **enforced** is obviously the opposite of *extenuated*.

42. **a place in the commonwealth**; i.e., citizenship in the republic, whose existence was threatened by Cæsar's ambition.

65. **beholding**, a corruption of the other participle, *beholden*, and in the sense of the latter.

73. "When Cæsar's body was brought into the market place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custome of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion: he framed his eloquence to make their harts yern the more, and taking Cæsar's gowne all bloudy in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it. Therewithall the people fell presently into such a rage and mutinie, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people." Plut., *Brutus*.

77. **So let it be with Cæsar**. Antony pretends to agree with the assassins of Cæsar, assuming that to justify their deed they will naturally dwell on the evil that Cæsar has done. So in line 125, "I rather choose to wrong the dead," etc.

82, 83. These lines must not be pronounced in an ironical tone. In the successive repetitions of this sentiment, in almost the same words, throughout the speech, the tone of irony may be gradually introduced and at last employed without restraint.

91. **When that.** See Abbott, Shak. Gram. 287.

132-137. Recur to Decius's interpretation of Calpurnia's dream.

153. **honorable men!** Here, of course, we want the ironical inflection to the full.

194. **dint.** *Dint* and *dent*, originally forms of the same word, have become distinct in meaning.

256. **fire;** two syllables.

Scene 3.

Consider the dramatic purpose of this brief scene, and compare it with the first scene of the play. The incident is related by Plutarch.

12. **you were best;** where we should say, *you had better*. See Abbott, Shak. Gram. 230 and 352.

18. **You'll bear me a bang.** Not, you will give me a blow, but, you will get a blow from me; *me*, in the passage, being the ethical dative. See Note on i, 2, 264.

ACT IV.

After the first scene the entire act is devoted to the unfolding of the character of Brutus, whom we see placed in the most interesting and moving situations,—the quarrel and reconciliation with Cassius, the reception of the news of Portia's death, the night-scene with the boy Lucius, the interview with the ghost. Every detail is meant to exalt our estimate of the nobility of Brutus.

Scene 1.

The triumvirs, having placed themselves at the head of the Roman state, have now to settle which of them shall stand at

the head of the triumvirate. Lepidus goes on an errand: evidently it will not be he. Antony, who has sent Lepidus away so easily, sets forth in large speech to Octavius the subservient character of their absent colleague, while Octavius keeps his counsel: evidently it will not be Antony.

9. Recur to Antony's publication of Cæsar's will.

13. **Meet**: a word of very frequent occurrence in Shakespeare and the Bible, but now, unhappily, falling out of use. The adjective *meet* is connected, not with the verb of the same spelling, but with *mete*.

37. **abjects**: things thrown away, refuse matter. On *orts* see dictionary.

40. **property**: a thing owned and to be used, — a tool.

44. Metrically, a defective line, but usually so printed because so given in the first folio, the most authoritative text. All the subsequent folios have the line thus, —

“Our best friends made, and our best means stretched out.”

48, 49. See 2 Henry VI, v, 1, 144; Mac. v, 7, 1; Lear, iii, 7, 54.

Scene 2.

The scene serves as an introduction to the next.

10. **satisfied**. See note on iii, 2, 1.

14. **resolved**. See Tempest, v, 1, 248. We no longer use the word quite in this sense.

23. **hot at hand**: i.e., “fiery as long as they are led by the hand, not mounted and managed with the rein and spur.” Schmidt, Shakespeare Lexicon.

Scene 3.

The quarrel and reconciliation, like the speeches in Act iii, are mentioned with meagre detail in Plutarch; but like those speeches, the quarrel scene is essentially Shakespeare's. For

the foundation of fact the poet is indebted to the biographer; but the life, the color, the movement, all that makes the story profoundly interesting, is the poet's.

8. **nice**, as in Richard III, iii, 7, 175.

10. **condemned to have**: charged with having. See Abbott, Shak. Gram. 356.

44. **budge**. See M. of V. ii, 2, 20; Rom. and Jul. iii, 1, 58.

72, 73. **coin . . . drop . . . to wring**. Note the three infinitives,—two “pure,” and one, in form, gerundial, but all equally infinitives, and objects of *had*. See i, 2, 173, this play, and also iii, 2, 22; Othello, i, 3, 191. Consult Abbott, Shak. Gram. 350.

136. **companion**: used contemptuously, as in Coriolanus, iv, 5, 14; v, 2, 65, and many other passages.

158. **tidings**: never used without the final *s*, but regarded indiscriminately as either singular or plural. See this play, v, 3, 54.

163. **call in question**: i.e., discuss, as in As You Like It, v, 2, 6. So, *use question*, M. of V. iv, 1, 73.

226. **we will niggard**. Discuss other uses of the word *niggard*, as in Mac. iv, 3, 180, and Hamlet iii, 1, 13.

240. **some other of my men**. Adjectives becoming nouns or pronouns do not, regularly, take the plural *s*. Thus we say, *rich and poor alike, many, all, some, etc.* Yet we say, *our betters*, and we now always say *others*, though, as we see, Shakespeare was apt to use the regular form.

271. The words *let me see* constitute in each case a foot. Here three words, in rapid utterance, are compressed metrically to occupy the time normally given to two syllables. See a case where a word of one syllable is made to count for two in consequence of slow, deliberate utterance, ii, 1, 55.

278. **stare**: the only instance in Shakespeare of this word applied to the hair.

ACT V.

Historically, there were two battles at Philippi, separated by an interval of two weeks. It is the former of these battles that the poet adopts as the ground-work of his representation, though the death of Brutus took place immediately after the second.

Scene 1.

7. I am in their bosoms. See 1 Hen. IV, i, 3, 266; Lear, iv, 5, 26.

8. could be content: would like.

16. softly: slowly. See *softly* again in a military connection, Hamlet, iv, 4, 8.

17-20. Remember that according to military usage the ranking officer takes command of the right.

This little touch of acrimonious dissension between Octavius and Antony is not in Plutarch, who, however, tells of a disagreement, that was amicably settled, between Brutus and Cassius, on the same question of precedence. Cassius, the older man, yields to Brutus in this matter, as we have seen him do whenever difference of opinion arose between them. This grudging acquiescence of Antony in the leadership of young Octavius the poet invents as a foil to set off the ready and willing deference paid by Cassius to Brutus. We are not told in the play that Brutus went into the battle in command of the right of his army; but as we learn from v, 3, 51-53, that Brutus's wing confronted that of Octavius, and have seen that Octavius has insisted on having the command of his own right, we must infer that the poet, if he thought the matter out, gave to Brutus the subordinate position on the left, choosing herein to differ from his authority. Plutarch tells us: "Brutus prayed Cassius he might have the leading of the right wing, the which men thought was farre meeter for Cassius: both because he was the elder man, and also for that he had the better experience. But yet Cassius gave it to him," etc. In his life of Antony, Plutarch tells us: "When they had passed over the seas, and that

they began to make warre, they being both camped by their enemies, to wit, Antonius against Cassius, and Cæsar against Brutus: Cæsar did no great matter, but Antonius had alway the upper hand, and did all." It is interesting to consider why Shakespeare, who in so many things follows Plutarch exactly, prefers not to follow him in this.

19. **exigent.** See Ant. and Cle. iv, 14, 63.
24. **we will answer on their charge:** i.e., we will let them make the overture of battle.
33. **The posture . . . are yet,** etc. A grammatical blunder still exceedingly common.
45. Probably to be read as a four-syllable line.
59. **strain.** See Pericles, iv, 3, 24.
66. **stomachs.** See Hen. V, iii, 7, 166, and iv, 3, 35; Ham. i, 1, 100.
71. **as this very day.** The *as* is apparently superfluous. See Meas. for Meas. v, 1, 74; Rom. and Jul. v, 3, 247. Consult Abbott's Shak. Gram. 114.
79. This absolute, or loose, employment of the participle, as in *coming*, has been common throughout the entire modern English period, and need not to-day be censured as incorrect or slovenly English. See a participle very loosely used, iv, 3, 218, this play.
- on our former ensign.** The comparative *former* is here equivalent to the superlative *foremost*, as is shown in the words of Plutarch, "There came two Eagles that flying with a maruellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns," etc.
82. The relative *who*, says Abbott, Shak. Gram. 259, "is especially used after antecedents that are lifeless or irrational when personification is employed."
86. **As we were.** See Mac. ii, 2, 28; v, 5, 13.
93. **stand, subjunctive.**
94. **lovers.** See this play, ii, 3, 8; iii, 2, 13; iii, 2, 44.
96. **Let's reason with the worst:** let us confer together in view of the possibility of the ruin of our cause in the impending battle. See M. of V. ii, 8, 27; Rom. and Jul. iii, 1, 55.
- 100-107. In this speech Brutus seems determined to stand by his stoic principles; and so Cassius understands him. But in his

next speech (110-118) he contemplates a fate so horrible as to justify him in sacrificing his philosophy. Thus, just as we have seen Cassius confess that he could no longer quite maintain his Epicurean opinions, so now we see Brutus shrinking from the consistent application of his stoic doctrines. Plutarch, in his life of Brutus, tells the story thus :

"The next morning, by breake of day, the signall of battell was set out in Brutus and Cassius campe . . . & both the Chieftaines spake together in the midst of their armes. There Cassius began to speake first, and sayd : The gods grant vs, o Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and euer after to liue all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods haue so ordained it, that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most vncertaine, and that if the battell fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or looke for, we shall hardly meet againe : what art thou then determined to do, to flie, or die? Brutus answered him, being yet but a yong man, and not ouer greatly experienced in the world : I trust (I know not how) a certaine rule of Philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reproue Cato for killing himselfe, as being no lawfull nor godly act, touching the gods : nor concerning men, valiant ; nor to give place and yeeld to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoeuer it pleaseth him to send vs, but to draw backe and flie : but being now in the middest of the danger, I am of a contrary mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunately for vs : I will looke no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gaue vp my life for my countrey in the Ides of March, for the which I shall live in another more glorious world. Cassius fell a laughing to heare what he sayd, & imbracing him, Come on then (said he) let us go & charge our enemies with this mind."

106. **stay.** So in M. of V. ii, 8, 40; Mac. iv, 3, 142; Ham. v, 2, 24.

109. **Thorough.** A frequent form of the preposition when two syllables are needed. See Mid. N. Dream, ii, 1, 3.

113. **begun.** The English of to-day is still subject to the con-

fusion of *a* and *o* in the past tense, and the participle of such verbs as *begin*, *sing*, *spring*, *drink*, etc. The cause of this confusion is easily ascertained.

Scene 2.

"In the meane time Brutus, that led the right wing, sent little bils to the Colonels and Captains of priuate bands, in the which he wrote the word of the battell, and besides, the most of them neuer taried to haue it told them," etc. Plut., *Brutus*.

Scene 3.

"Cassius thinking indeed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words: desiring too much to liue, I have liued to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a tent where no body was, and tooke Pindarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserved euer for such a pinch. Then casting his cloke over his head, and holding out his bare necke vnto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found seuered from the body: but after that time Pindarus was never seene more." Plut., *Brutus*.

3, 4. *ensign . . . it.* The *ensign* is the subaltern officer who carried the standard, and the *it* refers to the standard which he bore.

11. *Fly.* It is interesting to note that Shakespeare uses the present *flee* only once, but the past *fled* very frequently; while in the Bible both tenses are equally common. The Bible always uses the verb *fly*, *flew*, *flown* in its proper sense. Shakespeare uses the past *flew* properly, but regularly substitutes *fly* for *flee*. Remember that the translators of 1611 were influenced by older versions, while Shakespeare uses the language of his own day.

23. See Scene 1, line 71, this act.

32. Evidently a line of four syllables.

38. Saving of thy life; a mixture of participle with the gerundial form.

48. Durst I have done. Durst is here in precisely the same construction as is *were* in the clause, *Were I Brutus*. The mood of the verb in the latter case is obvious to the eye: in the former case it has to be inferred.

66. Mistrust of my success: not doubt whether I had succeeded or not, but full belief that I had miscarried.

67. O hateful error, melancholy's child. Refer to Cassius's speech to Messala, 71-89, this act. Note also what Plutarch says: "Touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himself in his tent with a few of his friends, and that all supper time he looked verie sadly, & was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature: & that after supper he tooke him by the hand, & holding him fast (in token of kindnesse as his maner was) told him in Greeke: Messala, I protest unto thee, & make thee my witnesse, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as Pompey the great was) to ieopard the liberty of our country, to the hazard of a battell."

68. the apt thoughts of men: *apt*, as in iii, 1, 160, meaning *inclined*. See Hamlet, i, 5, 31.

Scene 4.

9. "There was the sonne of Marcus Cato slaine, valiantly fighting among the lustie youths." Plut., *Brutus*.

14. "One of Brutus friends called Lucilius, seeing a troupe of barbarous men, making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going all together right against Brutus, determined to stay them with the hazard of his life, and being left behind, told them that he was Brutus." Plut., *Brutus*.

Scene 5.

2. Statilius had voluntarily gone into the enemies' camp to seek for Brutus information about the number of men slain in the battle, promising, if all were well, to lift up a torch-light in the air.

" But his euill fortune was such, that as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies hands and was slaine." Plut., *Brutus*.

4. " Now the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sate, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare : the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him : at length he came to Volumnius himself, and speaking to him in Greeke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he would helpe him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others : and amongst the rest, one of them said, there was no tarying for them there, but that they must needs flie. Then Brutus rising up, we must flie indeed, said he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet. Then taking euery man by the hand, he said these words vnto them with a chearefull countenance. It reioyceth my heart, that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but onely for my countries sake : for, as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I leave a perpetuall fame of our courage and manhood, the which our enemies the conquerors shall neuer attaine unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say, that they being naughtie and unjust men, have slaine good men, to usurpe tyrannicall power not pertaining to them. Having said so, he prayed euery man to shift for themselves, and then he went a little aside with two or three onely, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of Rhetoricke. He came as neare to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling downe vpon the point of it, ranne himself through. Others say that not he, but Strato (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell downe upon it; and so ranne himself through, and died presently." Plut., *Brutus*.

23. **have beat us to the pit.** The figure is taken from hunting. See Mac. iv, 2, 35.

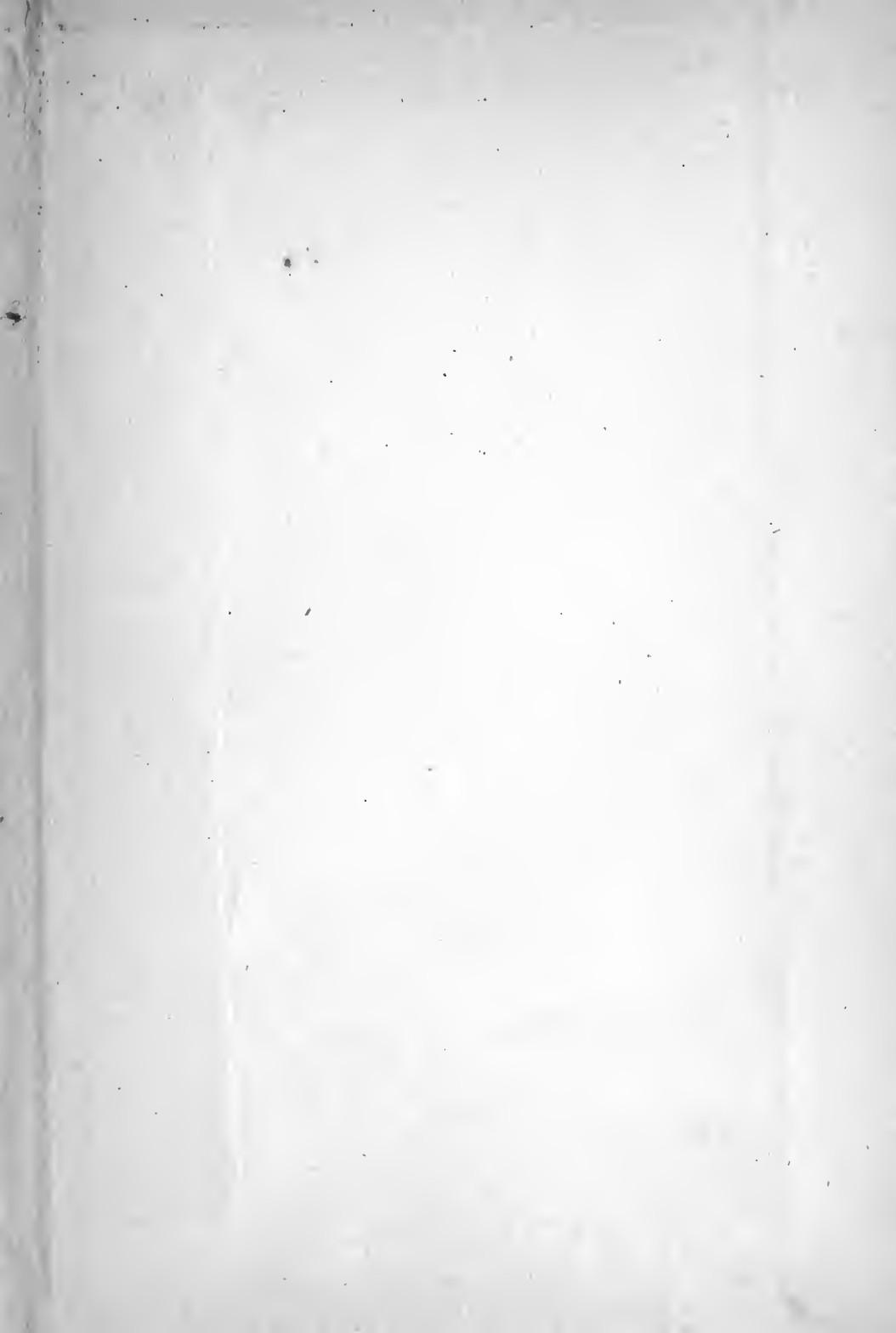
46. **smatch:** quite the same word as *smack*. See 2 Hen. IV, i, 2, 111; and *smack* as a verb, Mac. i, 2, 44.

59. To what passage does this line refer ?
62. prefer me to you. See iii, 1, 28, this play, and Cymbeline, iv, 2, 386, and v, 5, 326.
69. save only he. *Save* is of course not a preposition. The expression perhaps originated in a nominative-absolute form, — *he only being saved*, i.e., *excepted*. See T. Night, iii, 1, 172; and this play, iii, 2, 66.
71. a general honest thought: explained in the following words.











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